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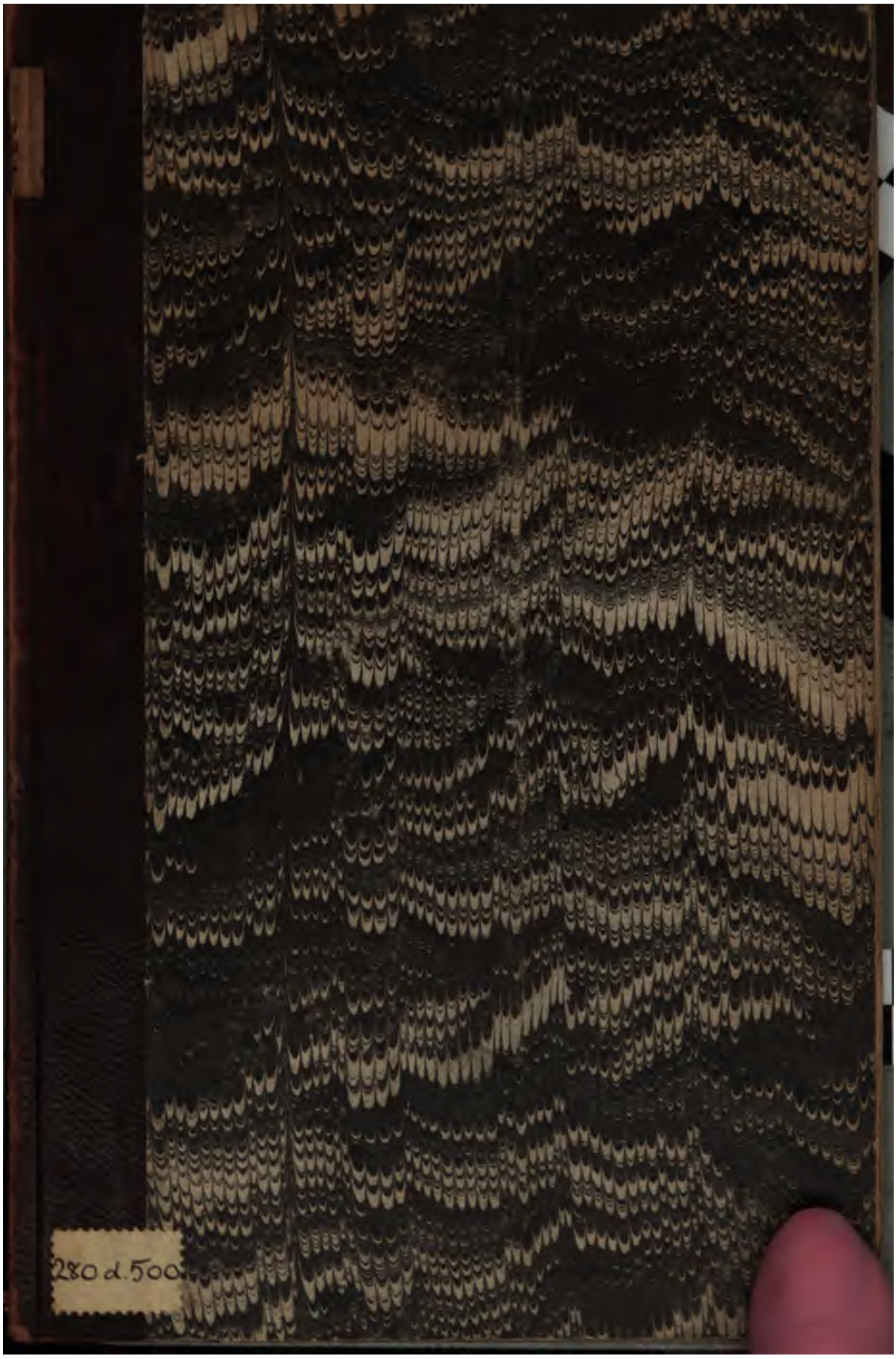
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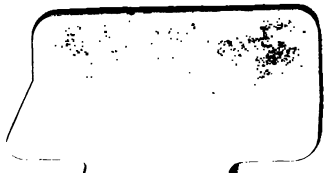

MEMORIAL LINES

ON

SIR ROBERT PEEL.

BY

JOSEPH ARNOULD, Esq.,

Of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law.

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Αἴλινον, αἴλινον εἰπὲ, τὸ δ' εὖ νικάτω.

DEAD! housed with dust and darkness!—he who sate
But yesterday in more than monarch's state,
Throned in the heart of England with a crown
Of self-earned kingship—suddenly struck down
From the mid heaven of greatness!—how it all
Seems like a dream,—that glory and that fall!

With dim despondence and a bodeful gloom
England sits sad by that untimely tomb;
Her chief of statesmen gone, his work remains
For hands less skilful and for feebler brains:—
The keen, swift insight,—the capacious soul
That analysed all parts, yet grasped the whole,—

The fixed laboriousness that calmly wrought
Truth from the mines of scientific thought,—
The master skill which, when that truth was won,
Made other minds the mirror of his own,
And bound with spells of intellectual might
The sons of darkness in their own despite,—
The manly march of vigorous eloquence,
The sober style of poised and weighty sense
Clear to convince and potent to persuade,
Wrought with high art, yet free from art's parade,—
The dexterous logic, the high-toned appeal,
The skill to move men's mirth, or rouse their zeal,—
All the rare powers which, when combined, create
Their envied lord the despot of debate,—
All these were his—but not alone for these
A nation's homage crowns his obsequies;
What England mourns is something nobler far
Than mightiest mastery in the mimic war,
Wisdom achieved by virtue—wisdom earned
By trampling on the idols he had learned

To venerate amiss—the inbred love
Of Truth and Country lifting him above
The fond traditions, and the servile rules
That nursed his youth amid those famous schools
Where mists of prejudice with noxious damp
Dim the pale beam of learning's classic lamp.—
Long was the struggle—long the cloister's chill
Deadened his spirit and subdued his will;
But Truth upheld her votary; and the light
Clearer and clearer streamed upon his sight,
As with strong effort struggling to unwind
The snaky coils of Error from his mind,
He smote the foul enchantress—till at length,
Fell the last fold that manacled his strength,
And left his unthralled manhood free to dare
Deeds which all else had shrunk from in despair.

Twice upon England's annals hath he set
A mark no after ages shall forget.
Once when he swept away the bigot laws

That outraged Freedom in Religion's cause,
That from men's rituals made their rights proceed
And risked a Realm to persecute a creed:
And once when bending to the mighty cry
By hungering myriads lifted to the sky,
He spoke the word and gave the great decree,
"Let Bread be taxed no more—and Trade be free!"
Glory to him who resolutely great
Twice wrecked his Party and twice saved the State;
Whose well-timed daring kept Victoria's crown
Firm in the storm when Europe's thrones went down.
What though for this high stake he flung away
The prize of power, and all the pomp of sway—
A people's blessing well might compensate
The rhetorician's sneer, the zealot's hate,
And England's homage nobly made amends
For faithless followers and for failing friends.

Yes! by those hearths that he has helped to cheer,
His memory shall abide for many a year;

And the swart sons of toil as they recruit
Their task-worn strength with Earth's abundant fruit
No longer leavened by the sense of wrong,
Shall breathe his name with blessings loud and long.*

That name is mourned upon the crowded mart,
And mourned no less thro' all the realms of Art—
Genius and Industry their voices blend
In mutual dirges for their noblest friend.
And there are deeper mourners for the Dead—
But o'er their grief be sacred silence spread;
One voice, now dumb with woe, alone could tell
How good, how pure the heart she loved so well.

Mother of mighty sons, my Country—thou
That sit'st in sorrow—clear thy clouded brow!
A good great man nor lives nor dies in vain;
A beacon star o'er Life's tumultuous main

* "It may be that I shall leave a name sometimes remembered with good will in the abode of those whose lot it is to labour and to earn their daily bread by the sweat of their brow, when they shall recruit their exhausted strength with abundant and untaxed food, the sweeter because it is no longer leavened with a sense of injustice."

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